

CONSCRIPTION BILL PASSED

Our Daily Bread

Sliced Thin by The Editor

ALEX. H. WASHBURN

The Germans Have Potato-Bugs

British Say They Got Them Honestly

The Germans say (A.P. dispatch Sept. 12) that British aviators are dropping potato-bugs on Europe's main food crop. The British say (same dispatch) it's a lie. But the Germans claim they actually saw British planes drop sacks of something, the sacks had potato-bugs in them, and now the bugs are in Germany. Taking time out from the ordinary horrors of war I should say that anyone who has personally fought potato-bugs on the old homestead has a momentary sympathy for the Germans, whether the bugs are an act of war or an act of God.

Saturday Is Last Day for County Fair

Plans Are Already Underway to Hold Fair Again in 1941

Saturday is the last day of the most successful Hempstead County Fair held here in the past few years, and the Fair board announced the contract had already been signed to bring the large Dec Lang Shows back for 1941 Fair.

At the Fair's homecoming day Friday Oren Harris told a large audience of the benefits reaped from county fairs. He said that the people needed to get together and to display their products. These products, he continued, are vitally necessary for national defense. Mr. Harris told of a recent defense board meeting in Kansas City in which he represented this district in trying to get war industries for this section.

Many former residents and old friends gathered to hear the speaking Friday and handshakes were in evidence for several hours. The Free Fair was officially opened here with a huge parade last Tuesday. Wednesday was designated school day; Thursday as Livestock and Poultry day, and Friday as Homecoming.

All the judging of poultry, livestock and the many booths and exhibits were completed late Thursday afternoon and cash awards and ribbons were given out. Thursday night and Friday morning. Over \$600 was distributed in prizes.

One of the highlights of the Fair was the presentation of a patriotic pageant, "America on Parade" by the John B. Rogers Producing company Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. The play had a cast of over 200 local persons.

The board is already making plans for a bigger and better Fair for 1941.

In Bali, Heaven Can Wait

Island Paradise Is Everything It's Cracked Up to Be

By PETER EDSON

Editor, NEA Service

BALI, Netherlands East Indies—So you have to see Bali in 24 hours. Other people have stayed a year and written a book, but since it is only a one-day stop over point on the KNILM, the Dutch East Indies Airlines, that runs from Sydney, Australia, to Singapore, you can only try to crowd it all in to one three hundred and sixty fifth of the necessary time.

It is neat, it is clean. Even the earthen floors are swept. Every inch of land is put to work to support its far too thickly settled little brown men and women and countless children. Houses crowd the roads. Dogs crowd the roads. People walking and people on bicycles crowd the roads. And cars dash through at the amazing speed of 30 miles an hour, to scatter them all.

Particularly, They Dance. Every house is a compound, a place with a wall around it. The walls keep out the devils. The family, generations of the family, live in a compound. Every compound has its gods, its temples, its idols.

A lot of compounds make a village, and the village is the nearest thing to communistic perfection yet devised.

(Continued on Page Four)

A Thought

Egypt, which thou knowest, upon thee; but will they leave upon thee that will hate thee—Deuteronomy 7:15.

Bobcats Lose Opening Game to Haynesville

Veteran Tornado Team Blanks Hope 24-0 There Friday Night

The Hope Bobcats were defeated 24 to 0 by the Haynesville (La.) Golden Tornado squad in the opening game of the season Friday night at Haynesville.

On the opening kickoff, Bob Pearce, a speedy Tornado back tucked the ball under his arm and galloped through the entire Bobcat squad for a touchdown.

Outweighed 15 pounds to the man, opposed by a letter man in every position and five other letter men on the bench, the situation looked bad and would have scared a veteran team. But the inexperienced Bobcats bored in and scrapped throughout the game without a letup.

Operating behind a big, fast and hard-charging line, Pearce, Haynesville back, performed brilliantly. The Haynesville fullback Crump, 185 pounds of brawn plus speed, was almost as effective. The entire Tornado line from tackle to tackle was a powerhouse with Heard probably the most outstanding.

Great Haynesville Team. Haynesville has a great team, one that Coach W. H. Cotton will be proud of as the season progresses.

Their offense clicked in mid-season form such as only an experienced team can show. They knew what to do and when to do it.

For Hope May. Snyder, Breeding and Bradshaw played well in the line. Simms, Martindale, Oliver, Jewell and Stanford stood out in the backfield. Bill Rounton, husky, Hope tackle, played brilliantly and spotted many Haynesville plays in the last quarter.

The best showing Hope made was at the beginning of the third quarter. Behind by an 18 to 0 score, the Bobcat offense began to click making three first downs in succession, and putting the ball close to the Haynesville goal line. The Tornado line stiffened and held.

Coaches Foy Hammons and Bill Brasher offered no alibis. Both were well pleased by the scrap their boys put up.

The officials were good and Haynesville was good. The game was clean and we came out with only two minor injuries, they said. The boys seemed to think they learned some football in the hardfought tussle, the coaches concluded.

Prepare for Smackover. The squad will begin a hard week of practice Monday in preparation for the second game of the season, next Saturday.

(Continued on Page Four)

U. S. Has Greatest Fleet Says Knox

HONOLULU — (P)—Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, following an inspection of the U. S. fleet in action said:

"The United States has the greatest, the most powerful and the most effective fleet on the high seas anywhere in the world."

48 Dead in Explosion

Senator Barbour Puts Blame on Foreign Agents

KENBIL — (P)—Activities of "foreign agents" were blamed Saturday by Senator Barbour (Rep., N. J.) for explosions at the Hercules Powder Company that killed at least 48 and blasted more than a score of buildings off the 2,000 acre plant.

While state police checked the membership rolls of the German-American Bund against a roster of plant employees, Barbour in Washington said that "when the facts are known it will be discovered that it (the explosion) was due to activities of foreign agents."

None of the investigators at the scene would say whether they had unearthed any evidence of sabotage.

What Really Mattered

BOWLING GREEN, Ky. — (P)—The Roosevelt-Willkie Presidential campaign was forgotten as more than 150 men 75 or over gathered for the annual Warren County Old Men's Reunion. They were interested more in the heated Hayes-Tilden race of 1876.

Although wrens have their headquarters in tropical America, they are found as far north as Greenland.

CRANIUM CRACKERS

In the Caribbean

European conflict has brought increasing discussion of plans for a pan-American trusteeship over European possessions in the Caribbean Sea. Here are the names of five islands in that area; can you tell what country each belonged to at the outbreak of the war?

1. Curacao.
2. Jamaica.
3. Martinique.
4. Aruba.
5. Lesser Antilles.

Answers on Page Two

London Can Take It, Surviving Every Trial Bigger and Better Than Ever

Bombers No Worse Than Plagues and Fires of Early Days

By MILTON BRONNER

NEA Service Staff Correspondent

"I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Chancery, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish."

"The ground under my feet was so hot it burned the soles of my shoes. . . . In five or six miles I did not see one load of timber unconsumed nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. In Islington and Highgate I saw 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along the heaps of what they could save from the fire."

That description, reading like today's cables from London, was written 274 years ago by John Evelyn, the famous diarist.

He was telling of the fire that swept the great gray city of the Thames in 1666. That fire was one of many grave trials the city has survived to come through bigger, better and richer than before.

For that is the story of London—a story which epitomizes the whole history of England.

The tale begins long ago, before the Christian era, when the Celtic Britons appreciated the site on the Thames and founded there the town called Llynid. When the conquering Romans landed on English shores in 43 A. D., they twisted this name into Londinium.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, says the Romans found it "a town of considerable importance as a mart of trade."

The place experienced its first great catastrophe about 61 A. D., when the natives, under Queen Boadicea, razed the then unvalued city. By the fourth century A. D. it had risen from its ashes and become a walled city.

Invading Saxons—ancestors of some of the latter day Hitlerites—took the town later and destroyed the Roman buildings. Danes looted the place. English King Alfred retook London in 884. Alfred was the first of modern kings to understand London's strategic importance, and he did all he could to make it a real stronghold.

When William the Conqueror came to England with his Norman soldiers in 1066, he persuaded London to submit to him. He gave the city one of its first important charters. His Norman architects and builders made it a medieval city of genuine beauty, secure behind stone walls.

City Fought For Magna Carta

London began to assume the character it was to have for the rest of its history—that of a town playing a leading part in the fight for human liberty. It sided with the barons in their fight with King John, which resulted in the granting of the Magna Carta—fount of all the liberties enshrined in such great documents as the American Constitution and its Bill of Rights.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the very fate of the nation was threatened by the Spanish Armada, London citizens equipped and dispatched vessels to take part in the fight which destroyed that menace to Britain. In the days of the struggle between Parliament and Cromwell on one side and King Charles I on the other, London sided with Parliament.

London Bridge, which has been falling down in children's games for generations, was a wooden bridge replaced by one finished in 1209.

London, which has never ceased engulfing small towns and villages, began this phase of its career in 1328.

(Continued on Page Four)

Senate, House Finally Agree on Legislation

President's Signature to Send First 75,000 Drafters to Camp

WASHINGTON — (P)—Peace time draft legislation, requiring registration of approximately 16,500,000 men from 21 through 35 for military training, was finally approved by congress today and dispatched to the White House.

The President's signature enacting it into a law is expected to be affirmed early next week, setting in motion machinery which will send the first 75,000 drafters into camp in November.

House approved the compromise bill shortly after the senate passed the measure 47-25.

Asks Protection

WASHINGTON — (P)—President Roosevelt asked congress Saturday to give "early consideration" for legislation preserving, for the men called to military service, their insurance protection under the social security, railroad unemployment insurance acts.

Senate Approves

WASHINGTON — (P)—The senate approved and sent to the house a final compromise version of the peace-time conscription bill making approximately 16,500,000 men from the ages of 21 to 35 subject to immediate registration and possible draft for a year's military training.

The vote was 47 to 25.

GOP Denounces Democrat Way

Budget Problem Is Knocked by D. A. Reed

By DANIEL A. REED

Member, Committee on Ways and Means, House of Representatives

WASHINGTON—More red ink has been used in the national bookkeeping under the fewer than eight years of the Roosevelt New Deal administration than in all previous years in the history of the Republic.

Should we be inflicted with four years more of like spending, extravagance and waste—without including the extraordinary expenditures now required for national defense—the red ink supply would doubtless be completely exhausted.

How we are now to meet the demands for the necessary expenditures for the necessary expenditures for increased military, naval and air defenses is a problem imposed by law on the House of Representatives, to which is given the taxing power. It is one that appears well nigh insoluble.

The New Deal even greater sum, is to leave our financial structure in a deplorable state of weakness at a time of crisis and when the national economy should be on a sound basis and a source of strength, rather than weakness.

Although President Roosevelt has demanded enormous new taxes and has called upon the nation to make every sacrifice in support of urgent national defense needs, not a dollar of economy has been enforced upon the sprawling peace-time bureaucracy built up by the New Dealers since 1933.

Every Federal boon-doing project continues at full throttle. Repeated demands in congress that a portion of the defense funds be diverted from extravagant and wasteful pump-priming enterprises have been rejected by the President.

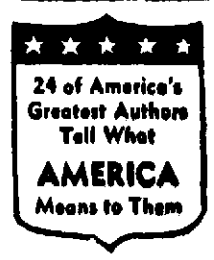
More than 50,000 persons have been added to the civil payrolls of the Federal government during the last ninety days. For the first time in our history the Federal bureaucracy now numbers more than 1,000,000 payrollees, exclusive of all military personnel and relief workers.

The peak employment in the Federal government during the World War was 918,000. The New Deal passed this World War peak in June, 1939, two months before the European war started, and almost a year before President Roosevelt recommended expansion of the national defenses.

There is, as the effect of the New Deal's ruinous fiscal policies, the con-

(Continued on Page Four)

OUR COUNTRY



24 of America's Greatest Authors Tell What AMERICA Means to Them

Sherwood Anderson Declares Man Must Regain His Feeling For Man — Here in the U. S.

Sixth of 24 articles on "Our Country," written exclusively for NEA Service by the nation's most famous authors.

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Author of "Dark Laughter," "A Midwest Childhood," "Puzzled America," It seems to me that in surrendering to the totalitarian idea, man is simply throwing away what men have fought and died for all during man's history. It must be that present day man is very tired.

So we are to glorify the state, that invigorous thing up there. We are to bow down to it. Individuality is to be thrown overboard.

The state, the people, the masses, the proletariat. How we run about babbling these meaningless words. There is no such thing. Such words have no real meaning.

There is to be this man, the leader, he only to develop his individuality. We are to make ourselves shadows of him.

It comes to that. What else? Well, it will be more than efficient. There will be no discussions, and no questions. The leader speaks and we must blindly obey.

Everything man has gained to be thrown away. French revolution American revolution, the opportunity for the exceptional man to arise, freedom of speech, everything thrown aside.

For efficiency. Guns made faster, killing made easier—all of man's feeling for man, that



Sherwood Anderson



London in the 17th century . . . after a drawing by a contemporary artist. The original London Bridge is shown.

SOCIETY

Daisy Dorothy Heard, Editor Telephone 768

Social Calendar

Monday, September 16th

- Circles 1 and 2 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, meet at the church, 3 o'clock.
- Circle No. 3 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, home of Mrs. Owen Nix, North Elm Street, 3 o'clock.
- Circle No. 4 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, home of Mrs. Clements Holloman, 3 p. m.
- Circle No. 5 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, home of Mrs. Webb Linsler Sr., 3 p. m.
- Circle No. 6 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, home of Mrs. D. H. Lipscomb, 3 o'clock.
- Circle No. 7 of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, home of Mrs. Nallan Wylie, 3 o'clock.
- The Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian church, at the church, 4 o'clock.
- All Circles of the Women's Missionary Society of the First Christian church, meet at the church, 3:30 o'clock.
- Tuesday, September 17th
- Hope High school Band Auxiliary, the Library of the Hope High school, 3:30 o'clock.

Announcement

- The first of a series of Library Project Training Classes for all library employees and library employees and library board members in Hempstead and Nevada Counties will be held in Hope on Tuesday September 17th at the City Hall from 10:00 a. m. until 3:30 p. m.
- The library will remain closed during these hours.

Mrs. R. V. Herndon Jr., Entertains on Friday

Mrs. R. B. Herndon Jr., named Mrs. Thompson Evans Jr., a recent bride, honor guest on Friday afternoon when she entertained the members of her bridge club and several invited guests. For the occasion the spacious rooms were attractively decorated with beautiful flowers and three tables were arranged for the players.

High scores were made by Mrs. Sid Bundy and Mrs. Dick Watkins receiving second high. Mrs. Paul H. Jones was the third high scorer. The honoree was also presented with a gift.

At the conclusion of the games, the hostess served delicious refreshments to the club members and the following guests, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Comer Boyett, Mrs. Sid Bundy, Mrs. Vincent Foster, and Mrs. Dick Watkins.

Attaway-Keen

Mrs. C. W. Keen announce the marriage of her daughter, Ruth Marie, to Mr. Clifton W. Attaway of Shreveport.

The marriage was solemnized on September 11th at Lake Village, Arkansas with the Rev. Wiley K. Mills, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Lake Village, officiating.

The bride was attractively gowned in a black model with accents of red, white, and blue, and her accessories were of blending colors. She wore a shoulder corsage of red rose buds.

Mrs. Attaway is a graduate of Hope High school and Mr. Attaway is a graduate of Byrd High School in Shreveport. For the past four years he has been employed by the Arkansas and Louisiana Gas Co.

After a wedding trip to Mississippi points, the young couple will be at home in Lake Village.

In Friday's account of the meeting of the Thursday Contract bridge club a line of type containing the names of guests was lost from the story. Guests were: Mrs. Roy Powell and Mrs. Lyman Armstrong, of Hope, and Miss Jane McCormack of Malvern.

Personal Mention

- Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, and daughter, Miss Mary Wilson, Miss Nancy Sue Robins, and Miss Martha Ann Singleton motored to Haynesville Friday night to attend the Hope-Haynesville football game.
- Miss Mary Corbin Holloway will leave Monday for Denton, Texas. She will be a sophomore at Texas State Teacher's College for Women.
- And farther south in Texas will be Charles Crutchfield, who will return to Rice Institute in Houston, as a sophomore. He will leave Tuesday.
- Hope friends of Robert Singleton have been informed that he has pledged Lambda Chi Alpha at the University of Arkansas.
- Rayford A. Camp left Monday for Sikeston, Missouri, where he will enlist as a flying "cadet."

Little Canton Island Would Be Easy Spot to Miss--But Don't Miss It!

Settlers, Insects, Fish and Everything Else Extraordinary

Peter Edison, editor of NEA Service, is one of the newspapermen in the Pan-American press flying party inaugurating clipper passenger service to New Zealand. His dispatches are appearing in The Star and other NEA client newspapers.

By PETER EDISON
Editor, NEA Service

CANTON ISLAND—(By Pan American Clipper mail)—Air passengers en route to and from the United States and New Zealand on the new Pan American Airways bi-weekly service, spend a night on Canton Island, one day's flight from Hawaii. This newest American colony is doing very well, thank you.

If the passengers are lucky, as I was, and the flight from Canton is canceled for a day, they will have a chance to get a close look at one of America's strangest, smallest but most useful possessions. Canton Island is about midway between Hawaii and Noumea, New Caledonia, a French possession. The distance to each of these points from Canton Island is approximately 2000 miles, a good long day's flying for even the big Pan American clippers.

Passengers get little chance to see Canton Island. Arrival at the place is the thrill of a lifetime. To be guided to this ocean pretzel by radio direction finder, litting it right on the nose after a 12 or 13-hour flight is merely another demonstration that aviation is here to stay.

But to see this coral atoll from the air is something. No bigger than the average township—its 27-mile ring of land only half a mile wide at the widest point, nothing on the island being more than 50 feet high if you except five trees and the radio mast—it would be the easiest thing in this 10,000-mile breath of Pacific Ocean to miss. But don't miss it.

The place boasts a grade A, brand-



Isling's good of Canton Island.

new Pan American Airways hotel. Pacific air to breathe, good Pacific ocean to swim in—water temperature usually about 70°—and if you want to get away from it all, when you're on Canton Island you're as away from it all as you'll ever be.

The fare is \$441 from Los Angeles, one way.

Old Birds, Big Fishes

The island is efficiently staffed, with a handsome blond giant from California, Harold Graves, in charge as base manager and U. S. postmaster. Stamp collectors know where Canton Island is, if no one else does.

You'll see millions of birds—big terns, boobies, man-o-war birds, bo's'n birds—so tame and uncivilized you can walk right up to their silly, unprotected ground nests. There is one big kow tree which looks like a hill, and must have 200 birds nests in it. When you go near, the tree comes to life.

The big thrill on Canton, though, is to go fishing. The three-mile by nine-mile lagoon in the center of the Canton Island pretzel is a naturally protected spawning ground for all the big fish in this corner of the Pacific. There are plenty of smaller fish the bigger fish can always feed on, and all sizes are always hungry.

In other words, they bite. Red snappers, barracuda, jew fish, rock cod, sharks, game fish to give you the fish of your life, and other varieties that the Polynesian people have their own names for. Two pounds to 200.

Plenty of Insects, Too

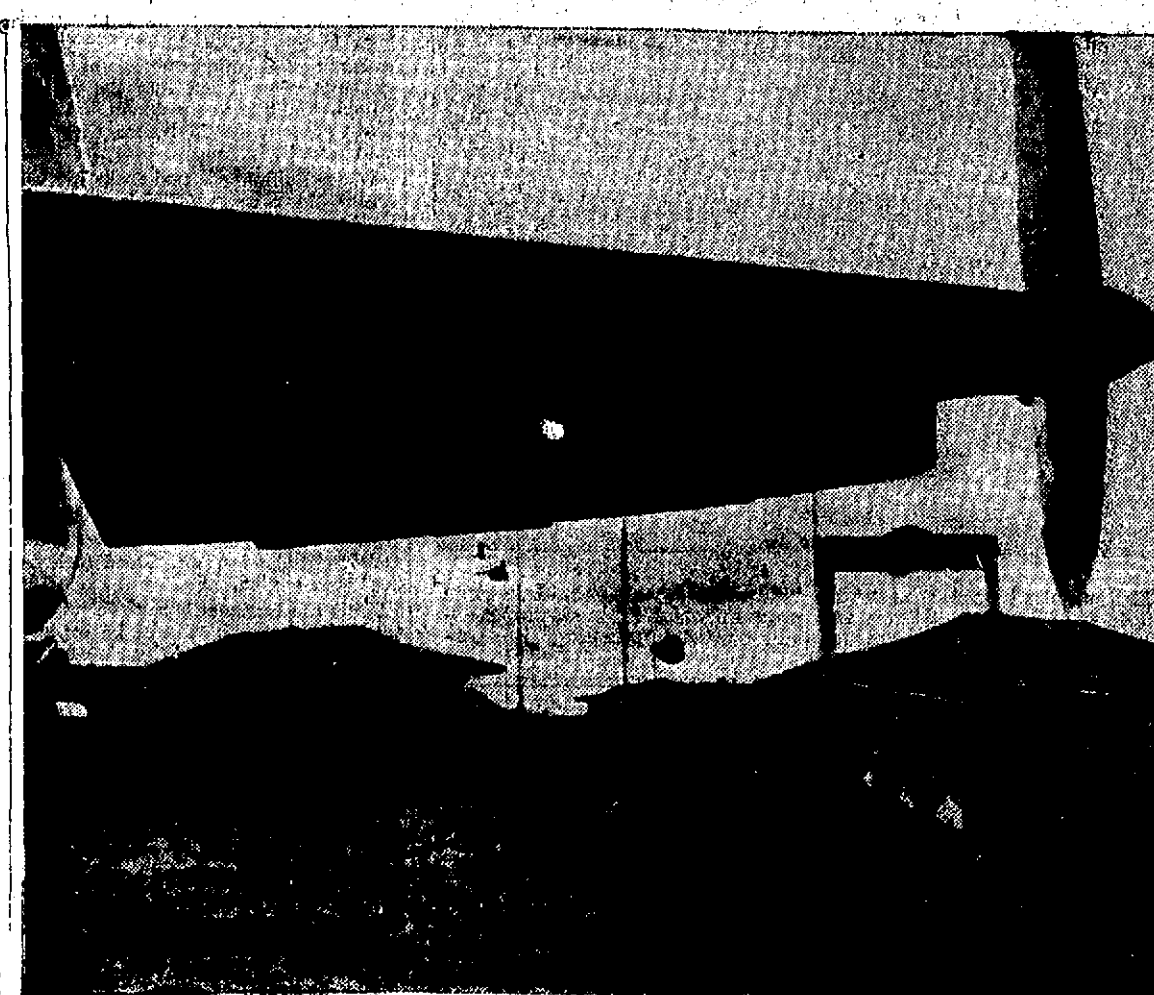
The Hawaiian sugar industry is so concerned about insects on Canton Island that the sugar growers' association keeps Entomologist J. Van Zwollenberg here to check up. All that might be necessary to raise cane would be for pair of bugs to hop aboard a north-bound clipper some night, sneak a free ride to Hawaii, settle down in a cane field, and after a few quick generations, multiplying as only insects can, destroy a crop or two.

So, whenever a Pan American clipper lands at Canton, in addition to the mechanics who check her over, you'll find the entomologist poking around in baggage compartments, in corners, under the seats and rugs, and even on the wings and hull. It isn't enough to just kill this blind baggage, either. He must capture the bug alive, then classify it, find out where it came from and what damage it might do.

There is, of course, the problem of keeping healthy on this tropical isle not only for all the passengers who stop overnight but the permanent staff as well. Every resident employee is hand-picked and extra healthy before he is assigned to Canton, but life near the equator does strange things to even a healthy man. Coral stone cuts and bruises, the commonest injury, have a way of healing slowly. Infections must be guarded against.

THE office seemed bleak and dull the next day. The five-day week made it necessary to double up on work. Kitty was gone and Miss Grant kept Sue Mary busy. It was late afternoon when Miss Grant asked her to go to the Clark home.

"Mr. Ross isn't feeling well and he wants to give some dictation," she explained. "Just notes," she added quickly. "You can do it easily. I can't leave because some-



Canton Island, as seen from a Pan American clipper.

So Canton Island's 42 inhabitants have their own physical residence in the person of handsome young Dr. Shanks.

Uncle Sam also is represented by 22-year-old Charles Stein and two other tough youngsters who, as Department of Interior employees under the administration of headquarters in Honolulu, are weather observers, getting radio-weather reports from other similar crews stationed on neighboring islands. Without accurate weather observation and reporting, flying just couldn't function.

Oh! Glory Waves Daily

Among the least arduous but most important duties of the Department of Interior boys is the flying of the U. S. flag on Canton. They raise the Stars and Stripes at dawn, and lower the flag at night, without ceremony, but not without significance. For jurisdiction over this island, long considered unimportant, for many years was disputed with Great Britain.

As a matter of fact, it has been only since April, 1939, that the United

Harrison in Hollywood

By PAUL HARRISON, NEA Service Correspondent

Carl Esmond, Working His Way Up After 'Discovery,' Glad He's Not in Austria

HOLLYWOOD—It was away back in January, 1938, during a performance in London of "Victoria Regina," that Louis B. Mayer excitedly discovered Carl Esmond.

"Discovered" him, that is, for Hollywood; Austrian actor had been playing all over the continent in everything from Shakespeare to Noel Coward. He had made about 20 pictures, too, winding up with the romantic leads in "Blossom Time" and "Evening Song." And now, in Gilbert Miller's stage hit, he was portraying Prince Albert in a sympathetic manner that had won him a lot of praise.

So Metro-Mogul Mayer went after Esmond. "Get out of this thing immediately!" he pleaded. "You are wasted on a mere stage when millions should be seeing you. You should be

States and Great Britain have agreed to share sovereignty over this island, and some day British flying boats, paralleling the U. S. Pan American service, might want to base on Canton. Co the British government maintains an agent on this island, too in the person of Mr. Francis Fleming, who lives with his wife in a little hut just beyond the Department of Interior shack, a few yards on the outskirts of the Pan American settlement of 20-odd buildings.

SERIAL STORY

THIS COULD BE YOUR STORY

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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All characters, organizations, and incidents of this serial are entirely fictitious.

YESTERDAY, Sue Mary goes to Youth Progress headquarters, helps Vera with typing, plans a surprise to her, with young people intent upon affairs she has considered entirely out of her scope. Nick comes in, is glad to see her there, asks her to go to a concert with him.

SUE MARY MEETS 'IDLE RICH'

CHAPTER VI

IT was a benefit concert to help war refugees and it was held in a small hall crowded with intense-faced young people and a scattering of older men and women whose foreign faces were serious until the music began. Some of it was familiar to Sue Mary; most of it was strange.

"That's by the modern Russian," Nick told her during intermission. "You get the feeling of power, and freedom, and mass happiness."

"I liked the Tchaikovsky," she said softly. "I know that one."

"Lavender and old lace," Nick said. "Like your old-fashioned and very young—and sort of sweet. Different."

"Maybe there is something to this stuff about the sheltered girl. You're not like Vera or Natalie. They know what it's all about, and they'll get what they want. They're real workers. No illusions. You'll be a good worker, too. And yet you're sweet the way you are."

He wasn't making love to her. It was as though he was talking to himself. There wasn't that something in his voice that came to Joe's when he said goodbye after kissing her good night.

Somewhat it was hard to think of Nick ever being sentimental; not with his usual cynicism, his worldliness, his drive and force.

Yet sometimes that evening, when she looked into his eyes and heard the music surging around her in waves of beauty, she experienced an entirely new sensation—almost a heady feeling of danger.

THE office seemed bleak and dull the next day. The five-day week made it necessary to double up on work. Kitty was gone and Miss Grant kept Sue Mary busy. It was late afternoon when Miss Grant asked her to go to the Clark home.

"Mr. Ross isn't feeling well and he wants to give some dictation," she explained. "Just notes," she added quickly. "You can do it easily. I can't leave because some-

clients are coming in. Now go along. When you're through there you can go home and finish up that work in the morning."

It was the first time Sue Mary had been in such a home. The butler who admitted her took her to a small library with book-lined walls and dark polished furniture. Flowers gave a touch of color to the room and pictures of family groups in heavy, old-fashioned silver frames, desk ornaments, and a faint odor of good tobacco made it livable.

Like a movie set, she thought, wishing she could relax and enjoy, if only for these few moments, the luxury about her. How strange it must be to live in such a house day after day; accepting those things without even seeing them, taking them for granted as she took for granted her small room, her tiny radio, her few cakes of good soap and her one small bottle of perfume.

Someone had entered the room and Sue Mary came back to reality with a start. It was Mitzi Clark, last year's orchid debutante and the oldest daughter. She looked like her brother: blond hair, exquisitely groomed, poised and unself-conscious.

With her was Joan Brant. Sue Mary recognized her, too, from the photo pictures. This year she was society's No. 1 glamor girl.

It was Mitzi who spoke. "You're from father's office?"

Sue Mary's voice seemed strange to her own ears. She tried to be calm and assume the young business woman role, but she felt terribly gauche, awkward, wrongly dressed.

"He'll be down eventually," Mitzi said, taking some books from the desk. "He won't exercise, you know," and now he's working harder because of all this war stuff."

"I'm sick of hearing war all the time," Joan Brant said. "It's cut a terrible crimp in the social season. I would get a lousy break the year I came out."

Mitzi laughed. "Could be worse. Well, we have to get along," she said to Sue Mary. "Miss Brant's being a deb, I'm being a former deb. This is my afternoon at the day nursery. Funny, but I get a sort of kick out of it. Working with those dirty, smelly little kids. I mean, they have so little and are so grateful."

"I think I'll help Alice Simpson campaign for a new social center. She's up to her neck in welfare work and social reform. Oh, well, it's something to do besides play bridge and go to cocktail parties."

THEY were gone with a swish of perfumed frocks and a gleam of silken hose, the clicking of their heels tapping a tune on the polished floors. Sue Mary decided she liked Mitzi; liked her more than she liked her blond, polo-playing brother. She didn't seem to pretend, and she looked healthy and clean and as though she might have become a little tired of being called an orchid deb.

Sue Mary wondered what Vera and Natalie and Nick would say about the girls. In the few times she had been with them she had come to sense the bitter undercurrent of their talk about the "upper classes."

At first she had thought it just the natural desire to have the luxuries, the ease, the fun that went with that life; desires that she had and took for granted. But she wondered now a little if it wasn't something that went deeper. They were so bitter about the "idle rich."

She didn't feel that way. She didn't hate Mitzi Clark because she had looks and wealth and all the good times that went with money. And she didn't hate old Mr. Ross Clark because he was a rich man. After all, he was responsible for her pay check.

Her thoughts were interrupted by his appearance at that very moment and from then on she was too busy to think of anything but keeping up with his dictation. While her fingers flew and she covered sheet after sheet in her notebook, she thought of the work for which he was responsible.

He was worried about the war. As attorney for the plane and auto factories, the war boom tripled his work at the office. New designs, new contracts, new patents; and a more noticeable veil of secrecy descending over it all. A rigid guarding of files; a closer guard on carbon copies; even a stricter check on shorthand notes.

It brought a sense of world upheaval closer somehow. Sue Mary had discovered that by simply switching off the war broadcasts and merely skimming the stories the situation could remain remote. But it wasn't so easy now with the feeling of tenseness existing in the office.

And, of course, on Tuesdays and the evening with Nick and Vera and Natalie one was bound to listen. She was glad the coming election was holding their interest. Their energies now were thrown in that direction, and she had found herself gradually being caught up in the thrill of the coming battle.

(To Be Continued)

a star in pictures—M-G-M pictures, I mean—in Hollywood!"

"He'd heard about Hollywood!"

The actor wasn't exactly dazzled. He was doing all right where he was. In London, and over the continent, he could—

"Don't be silly, Carl!—there's going to be a war!" declared Mayer. Esmond doubted that. Besides, he mused, Hollywood offered a lot of competition and Metro was a big studio. He had heard stories about players who had gone over there with fat contracts, only to be plunged into obscurity and idleness and—

"But this is different, Carl," argued Mayer. "I have to face you on the lot. If things don't go right, you can come and tell me. And if you get homesick, Carl, and want to do a picture or a play in London, we can let you come back for a while."

No. Work at M-G-M

Esmond was beginning to weaken, but he asked if he might have a specific assignment. Mayer said, no, but not to worry because he'd be fine for "The Great Waltz," or maybe as Fersen in "Marie Antoinette." Anyway, a lot of big pictures were coming up.

Finally, Esmond signed. When he left "Victoria Regina," he had played more than 200 performances and was looking forward to a New York holiday before continuing to Hollywood. But a studio representative met him at the ship with an airplane ticket. "Why, when am I supposed to get out there?" asked the disappointed actor.

"Yesterday!" screamed the Metro man. "Hurry up!"

At least, thought Esmond, they had something for him to do.

But they didn't. Not then, nor that week, nor that month, nor the whole half year he drew M-G-M paychecks. He tried to see Mr. Mayer and could not get into his office. He sent telegrams to Mr. Mayer and got no reply. To this day, in or out of the studio, he hasn't even caught a glimpse of Mr. Mayer.

He Hopes to Thank Mr. Mayer

It wasn't easy to get jobs. In Warner's remake of "Dawn Patrol," Esmond was the German aviator who, with his British captors, drank a toast to all the gallant dead, or to chivalry in the stratosphere, or something. Hollywood observers commented on an audible stir of interest, especially among female customers, when the strikingly handsome stranger appeared on the screen.

Metro rehired and hid him behind whiskers as the U-boat commander in "Thunder Afloat." Esmond, as ingratulating and pleasant-looking a guy as you could see in a month of moviegoing, was on his way to being typed as a tough German officer when he began to turn down all such roles.

Now he's under contract to RKO and playing Professor Baer, opposite Kay Francis, in "Little Men." Perhaps the part isn't as romantic as he should have, but it's sympathetic and at least will give him a chance to be seen. Incidentally, the studio calls him Charles instead of Carl Esmond, figuring it sounds less Germanic.

He laughs a great deal and grumbles not at all about the things that happened to him. They have happened to lots of people. And besides, look what happened to Austria; while Hitler was grabbing Esmond's native land and the actor was taking out his first U. S. citizenship papers. He hopes that some day he can meet Louis B. Mayer again and thank him for that.

MIND YOUR MANNERS

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Test your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers.

1. When a man sends a girl flowers and encloses his card on which he writes a note, should he cross out the Mr. before his name?
2. How should a written card be enclosed in a birthday gift from a husband and wife be signed?
3. May a bride let the groom's family help pay the wedding expenses if his family has more money than hers?
4. If a girl breaks her engagement, is it necessary to return the engagement ring?
5. If a girl decides not to marry a man so near the time set for the wedding that gifts have already arrived, must she return the wedding gifts?

What would you do if—

You are a bride who has received duplicate wedding gifts—

- (a) Feel you must keep the gifts sent you?
- (b) Exchange any gift of which you have a duplicate?

Answers

1. Yes, if he encloses his card, but does not write anything on it, he need not cross out Mr.
2. Dorothy and Ted Smith.
3. No.
4. Yes.
5. Yes, every gift must be returned to the sender.

Best "What Would You Do" solution—(b). No one should mind having his gift exchanged by a bride for something she needs, if she does not need the gift sent her.

Legal Notice

In the Probate Division of Hempstead Chancery Court, NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY FOR ORDER OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Irvin Burns, deceased, will apply to the Hempstead Chancery Court on the 17th day of October, 1940, for authority to sell the following lands, or timber thereon belonging to said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay: To-wit: The South East Quarter of the Northeast Quarter of Section Seventeen (17), Township Fourteen (14) South, Range Twenty-four (24) West, containing 30 acres, more or less. Said sale is to be made for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate.

J. C. Bowden, Jr., Administrator.

Sept. 14, 21, 28, Oct 5

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Dreaming won't get YOU a home...

But action will.

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Beautiful spacious Building Lots.

Bargains in Residences

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MOROLINE

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Now in Progress Clearance

SALE COOL SUMMER DRESSES \$2.99 LADIES SPECIALTY SHOP

BARBS

Just because a man's wife was fat carried no weight with a San Francisco judge who refused to allow a divorce on grounds of obesity.

For every college girl who pursues learning there are reportedly a dozen who learn pursuing.

The U. S. Army must be using that British paint which makes airplanes invisible, which might explain why no one can find those 50,000 planes FDR was talking about.

Now they're making neckties out of glass. Soon they'll be typing the sales girls in case a customer needs a blood transfusion on the spot.

Cause of Debt Pointed Out

Doughton Says Depression Caused Huge Debt

WASHINGTON—Since 1933 our public debt has increased from \$22,000,000 to \$43,000,000,000. The \$21,000,000,000 increase represents an annual average deficit of about \$3,000,000,000 for each of these seven years.

During the early part of this period the unparalleled depression with which we found ourselves afflicted had so reduced the incomes and transactions upon which our federal taxes operate that no reasonable tax structure could produce the revenue necessary to meet the needs of our government if it was to carry out its obligations to its citizens.

The government would have been criminally derelict in its essential function had it not made its mighty resources available to save its citizens from want and despair, and to make every effort toward establishing their security and well-being. The dollars spent in promoting both our human values and our natural resources will yield dividends in the future strength and prosperity of our citizenship.

In recent years the development of our national defenses has made a further and equally urgent demand upon our finances. We all perceive with increasing clarity the necessity for the speedy construction of defense facilities for which expenditures are being made that in normal times would be considered staggering. Cost what they will, we must have them, and I am convinced that the burden will be borne willingly and even gladly when we realize what enormous stakes we stand to lose if attack finds us unprepared to repel our aggressor.

The Congress has made available in appropriations and contract authorizations for national defense expenditures almost \$15,000,000,000, more than one-third of which will be spent before the end of this fiscal year. As the situation becomes more acute, this amount may be greatly increased.

The money necessary to carry out the enormous defense program will eventually have to be paid in taxes. I firmly believe that, to as great an extent as possible we should pay our national defense bills as we go. In line with this philosophy, the congress passed earlier in the present session the revenue act of 1940. This measure will increase our tax revenues by \$1,000,000,000 annually, the greatest peacetime increase in our nation's history.

As this is written, additional tax legislation is now pending in the form of excess-profits tax, which will further increase our revenues. In spite of these added taxes, however, the defense program will necessitate further deficits. We are, however, a virile and determined nation. If deficits are necessary to the preservation of our national security, if higher taxes must be borne in order to retain our liberty and freedom, and if a greater national debt is the price for the continuation of our cherished ideals, I am convinced the American people will not long delay their decision.

Bobcats Lose

(Continued from Page One)

Friday at Smackover.

Smackover and Camden fought to a 0-0 tie Friday night. Games played: Hot Springs 13, Little Rock Catholic High 6.

Newport 31, Hoxie 0. Fayetteville 63, Berryville 0. Springfield 20, Gentry 0. Forrest City-West Helena (cancelled).

Camden 0, Smackover 0, (tie). Fardyce 6, Monticello 0. Paragould 20, Rector 0. Mena 27, Hartman 12.

Helena 7, Clarendon 0. Greenville (Miss.) 47, Lake Village 0. Brinkley 44, Newark 0.

Stuttgart 20, Hughes 7. Bentonville 45, Colcord (Okla.) 0. Haynesville (La.) 24, Hope 0.

THE STANDINGS

National League

Teams	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	50	58	.580
Cleveland	49	59	.577
New York	48	60	.559
Chicago	45	64	.540
Boston	43	65	.529
Washington	39	70	.428
St. Louis	37	82	.410
Philadelphia	30	83	.376

Friday's Results

Detroit 8, New York 0. Cleveland 1, Boston 0. Chicago 6-8, Philadelphia 2-4. St. Louis 7, Washington 3.

Games Saturday

Boston at Cleveland. New York at Detroit. Philadelphia at Chicago. Washington at St. Louis.

American League

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Cincinnati	31	47	.582
Brooklyn	31	57	.587
Pittsburgh	30	64	.522
St. Louis	29	64	.519
Chicago	28	70	.493
New York	26	69	.489
Boston	25	80	.420
Philadelphia	23	92	.319

Friday's Results

Cincinnati 5, New York 2. Brooklyn 8, Pittsburgh 2. St. Louis 9, Boston 3. Philadelphia 6, Chicago 1.

Games Saturday. Cincinnati at Philadelphia. Cincinnati at New York. Pittsburgh at Brooklyn. St. Louis at Boston.

'Paradise Lost'



It was ironic that the statue of John Milton, blind poet who wrote "Paradise Lost," should become one of the first casualties of Nazi bombings of London. Statue was only knocked off pedestal, however, outside St. Giles Church, where he is buried. Air raid wardens are pictured "rescuing" the statue. Milton's grave was not disturbed.

He'll Fly Again for Britain



Forced to bail out during combat over the North Sea with German bombers, this British pilot (wearing life preserver) was picked up unhurt. He's shown being brought to land by armed guards. British censor said the flyer downed a Nazi bomber before taking to his parachute.

Tigers Win to Maintain Lead

Detroit Takes Yankees For Second Straight

DETROIT—(AP)—The Detroit Tigers got 15 hits off three New York pitchers and beat the Yankees, 8 to 0, Friday.

Tommy Bridges, the 33-year-old Tennesseean who couldn't beat New York in the early years of his pitching career, limited the Yankees to six singles. Friday's blows included Hank Greenberg's thirty-third homer of the season and his seventh in nine games, a double and three singles by Rudy York and three singles each by George (Birdie) Tebbetts and Barney McCosky.

In scoring his eleventh victory of the year, Bridges started most unimpressively, the Yanks getting to him for three hits in the first two innings. Thereafter New York didn't get a runner beyond first base.

American League Race By the Associated Press

Beaten by Detroit, 8 to 0, Friday for their third loss in a row, the Yanks are in third place, three games back of the Tigers and two and one-half games back of the Cleveland Indians.

Club W. L. Pct. Games To

Detroit	50	58	.580	16
Cleveland	49	58	.577	17
New York	48	60	.559	3
Chicago	45	64	.540	15
Boston	43	65	.529	7

All Knotted Up

The fat man was all bent over, struggling with something, and the curious old lady was watching him intently.

"Oh, so you're tying your shoe," she said sweetly.

Red in the face, he looked up in disgust.

"No, lady," he snorted. "I'm practicing Boy Scout knots."

who won, 1 to 0, from the Boston Red Sox. The Indians are just a half game back of the Tigers.

Club	W.	L.	Pct.	Games To
Detroit	50	58	.580	16
Cleveland	49	58	.577	17
New York	48	60	.559	3
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Boston	43	65	.529	7

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'Bad News'



Stowaway Now

(Continued from Page One)

house. Today he feels that his escapades were valuable experience.

Today he feels that his escapades were valuable experience.

"If nothing else," he said at his home in Queens, N. Y., "those jaunts put me that much ahead of other students when I got into the marine school. I'm two years up on the rest. They have to be 18 before they can ship out."

When Bobby returned from his last cruise (in a brig) officials took him in tow, even though they thought he was hopeless.

They stowed him away while they pondered his fate. The final disposition fitted the boy's dreams nicely. He was sent to the marine academy to study navigation and subjects that would earn him a regular high school diploma.

Bobby took to his studies. In no time he was transformed from a wilful, disobedient urchin into a fine, clean-cut young man.

After a month, he could make an "eye" splice, figure latitudes by sight and longitudes by run. "Dead reckoning" was a pipe.

"This sea business is my second nature," Bobby said. "I will be captain of a ship one day. Why, I can be quartermaster in eight months if we go to war! I'm qualified to be one now, only I need time at sea—in a working capacity."

The last time I interviewed Bobby, in 1938, he was sullen, surly, embarrassed at being caught a stowaway.

Since then he has straightened up, holds his head high, his shoulders square, his chin in. His conversation crackles with "yes sirs" that are as sharp as a whip's snap. He is a far cry from the shifty-eyed, suspicious kid he was two years ago.

Bobby's mother, Yvonne Stap—in charge of the boy because his father, Fred is always away at sea—used to be ashamed of him. Each time he ran off her heart became sadder. The publicity made her shudder. She was reluctant to talk to reporters.

Now she is glad to be interviewed.

"I used to feel so ashamed," she said in a French-dotted voice. "All that publicity, and the way the neighbors talked. I was so worried about what would become of Bobby. But I don't have to worry now. It is amazing what the right school can do for a problem child."

G. O. P.

(Continued from Page One)

tinuous threat of inflation. What would be the results of such inflation?

Untold hardships will be visited on all our people.

Savings, big and little, will lose most of their value. Insurance companies and banks will go to the wall. The endowments of our charitable, fraternal, social, religious and educational institutions, endowments which have taken years to create, will be reduced to a mere pittance.

The increase in the cost of living will put even the essentials of life—adequate food, clothing and shelter—beyond the reach of a majority of the population. Even those yet unborn will pay the price for our folly.

No person or group of persons will escape. Wage earners will see the purchasing power of their pay envelopes shrink as inflation brings a ruinous rise in prices. As a result, the worker's standard of living will be reduced to the barest subsistence level.

Salary workers will be hit even more quickly, for salaries are relatively fixed and adjustments are not made as rapidly. Those who live on pensions, annuities, or interest from life-time savings will meet a like fate.

Farmers will suffer even more than other groups for though they might seem to gain temporarily while prices are moving up, this in the end will be an illusive gain. Recall that the source of present farm problems lies in war inflation. Should we embark upon a similar inflation, the farmer can look forward only to more of the same troubles he has been fighting for twenty years.

Furthermore it is doubtful if our system of free government and free private enterprise could withstand this shock. Dictators now rule the people in Europe where government spending and inflation first ran their course.

The first step toward real national defense remains today, as a year ago, a restoration of order and stability in Federal finances.

As President Roosevelt himself reminded the nation with such impressive eloquence in 1932, "too often in history liberal governments have been wrecked on the rocks of loose fiscal policy."

Next 48 Hours

(Continued from Page One)

stored within the British capital as well as 48 per cent of the nation's imports and that the city therefore was a military objective of the first magnitude.

"No city of the future can be built along London's lines," he said.

Not to Use Gas

ROME—(AP)—A high Fascist authority declared that Italy and Germany would refrain from using gas against the British in hope that the British will likewise renounce its use.

24-Hour Bombing

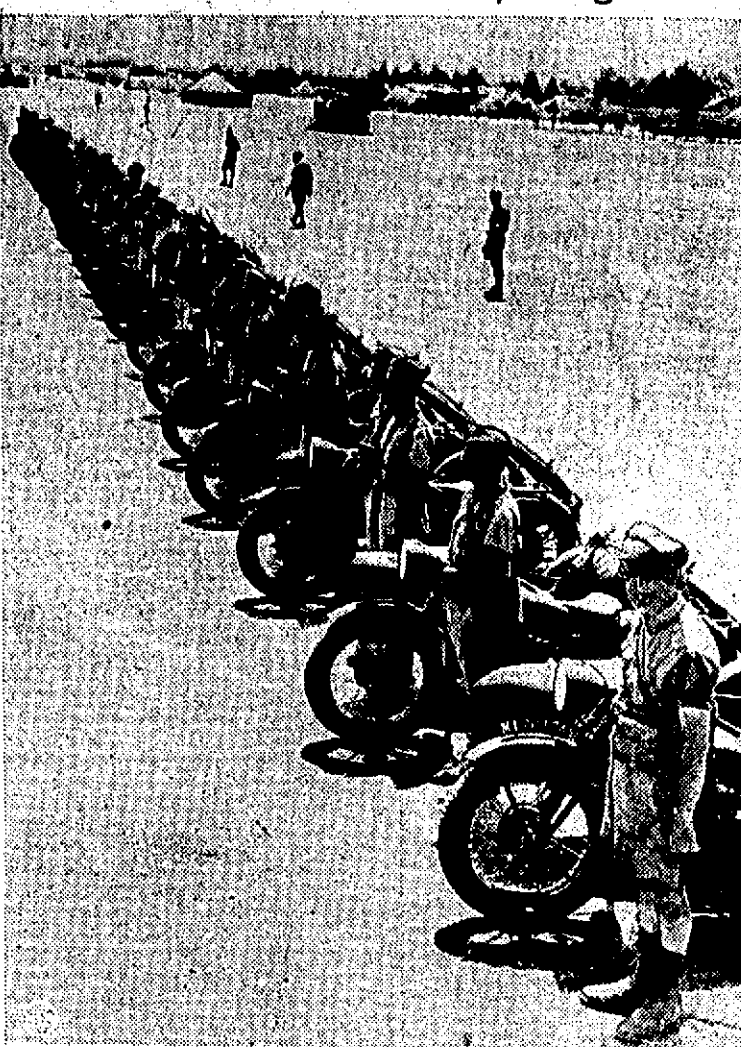
LONDON—(AP)—German warplanes hurled high explosive and incendiary bombs on London Friday night and early Saturday in the seventh consecutive heavy all-night assault.

Coming over London at about 15-minute intervals despite intense anti-aircraft fire, the raiders showered incendiary bombs on the fringe of central London and dropped explosive bombs on other parts of the capital.

The all-night alarm ended at 5:25 a. m. after having been in effect eight hours and 25 minutes.

The week of raiding has taken an acknowledged toll of more than 1,200

"Men Without a Country" Fight On



Although now "men without a country" thousands of Polish troops are aiding Britain's fight against Germany a year after the Nazi blitzkrieg erased Poland from the roster of free nations. The motorcycle squadron above, part of the Allied Near East army until France's downfall, is now attached to British forces in Palestine.

Their "Double Features" Win



The judges could see with half an eye that the Wild sisters of East St. Louis, Ill., were the "most identical" in their class at the recent International Twins' Convention in St. Louis, Mo. Holding cups they won are, left to right, according to reliable authority, Mary, Lynn Wild and sister Marion Lee Wild.

dead and almost 4,900 persons wounded.

The Germans were busy elsewhere in the United Kingdom also. Early Saturday, a single plane attacked a Welsh town and hit a hotel. Four people were believed killed.

London was subject to the longest day-time raid of the war Friday. They opened the night attack at 9 p. m. and hours later they still shuddered high over the city beneath a bright moon, while below the thundering artillery raised a red dome of bursting shells at lover the metropolitan area.

Nowhere was the action so violent as in the center of the city. Both explosive and fire bombs came hurtling down. Shell splinters from the defenders' fire drummed loudly on the rooftops.

The day's attack was centered upon the greatest symbols of the empire. Buckingham palace was hit by explosive bombs; Downing street, the home of Prime Minister Churchill and the length of Whitehall, the avenue of the kingdom's government, by fire bombs.

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth both were in the palace but escaped injury when five bombs fell.

Expressive

A visiting pastor was enjoying a round of golf with his host when a great calamity befell him. Taking a mighty swing he missed the little white object completely.

"Oh, Muscle Shoals!" exclaimed the dominie.

Mystified, his companion asked explanation of the expression.

"I mean the biggest dam on earth," replied the minister.

Sees all, hears all, all nose, seems an apt description of many a Broadway columnist.

Tibet is the highest country in the world, with table lands rising 16,000 feet above the sea.

Duchess Wears Fashion Tips

Western Hemisphere Watches Her for Style

AP Feature Service

The Duchess of Windsor, whom the western hemisphere is watching for style tips, sounded two interesting notes in the costume she chose for her first Bermuda interview.

First, she wore a trig suit whose tailored lines repeat a theme the fashion world is watching for fall.

Second, she displayed on its lapel a new jeweled gadget—a big flamingo pin set with diamonds and rubies.

Her suit was of crisp white rayon suiting, bound with navy blue braid on jacket and skirt. Her blouse was navy blue and her shoes were blue and her shoes were blue and white. Diamond and sapphire ring also were worn.

Add interesting fashion news. The Duchess wore no nail polish. Her fairly short-cut nails simply were buffed.

Dominoes Marathon Results in Stalemate

TECUMSEH, Okla. —(AP)— Eleven years ago, William S. Sutlip and E. S. Sherman, retired attorneys, and their wives decided to play dominoes each Saturday night.

Now, 6,000 games later, Catlip and Mrs. Sherman hold a one-game lead.

Homing Instinct

FULTON, Mo.—(AP)—If it had happened to anyone but Grant Duncum was motoring back from a picnic when his wife noticed their car was on fire. Duncum put on speed; drove right into the fire station of which he is chief.

Down With the Wash

LAGUNA BEACH, Calif.—(AP)—This is an art colony and every once in a while something reminds you of it. Latest is a complaint against the unesthetic effect of washing hung out on clotheslines, right where everybody can see it.

When Is Music Not Music?

BUTTE, Mont.—(AP)—Instructions to Butte policemen to "dampen" all disturbing noises in public places after midnight came in a department order which said:

"Music is OK just as long as it doesn't become noise."

"That's the end of swing music and jitterbugs," commented one officer. "Waltzes ought to be all right."

"Even a waltz is a noise if you're trying to sleep," countered another. "We ain't music critics, said another. "I'll let the judge decide."

In Bali, Heaven

(Continued from Page One)

desperately poor, and they work. The people work the rice fields and share the harvest. They are poor.

They carry huge bundles, the men with two balanced loads suspended from a pole across their shoulders, the women—monks, unashamedly bare from the waist up—balancing huge bundles on their heads, sheaves of rice from the harvest fields or rich high baskets of fruit as offerings on temple altars.

They carve wood. They weave cloth. They work silver. They dance.

Particularly they dance. They dance at night—10-deep circles of men squatting on the brown earth before a primitive oil lamp, reciting in rhythm the story of the battle of the monkeys against the demons, gesturing and chattering like monkeys, swaying to a musicless chant that is all harmony.

They dance by day, coming in from the fields for holiday performances of old rituals of which they never tire.

They make music, with Gamelan Gong bands of many pieces, playing their own unwritten symphonies.

They dress. For the dances, they don ornate costumes of rich gold head dress, winding yards of sash about their slim middles, blending harmony of color and line into a living, breathing painting that is a puerile and a poem.

Makes You Wonder—

There is a picture at every turn of the road, a hill, a mountain, even a volcano, lifts its head in approved art department style. Rice paddies tumble down hills, water dripping over cascades of dyked fields, every drop of the water made to work many times before it flows to the sea. Flooding buffaloes pull their weight, straining into the yoke to draw a crooked stick plow through knee-deep mud.

Every growing thing blossoms in a riot of tropical color.

Sun heats down mercilessly at midday. Rain pours in torrents. Skies darken in an early tropical night. Stars shine, big as grape-fruit.

It is a land of contrasts. Poverty in wealth. Peace in an unending struggle for enough to eat.

You wonder what fates picked on this spot, what forces decided that here would be a garden, here men would build temples centuries before white men would come here to write punk pieces about it.

The tobacco pipe makers of London were incorporated in 1619.

a taste of attack by aircraft.

Up to the autumn of 1917 London had endured 31 raids entailing the lives of 865 people and wounding 2,500. Many buildings were wrecked.

READ Before You BUY!